

The Undiscovered Draft.
Not a few of those calling themselves students treat their text-books as the "Family Bible" is usually treated. Of one of these loiterers about the gates of knowledge the following story of how he was taught a lesson is told:

An old tradesman in a French town sent his nephew Alfred to study law at Paris. He gave him an old code annotated by a leading member of the country bar, and said—

"I will pay you a visit in March, and if I am pleased with your progress, I will give you such a tip as will make glad your heart and cause your face to shine."

In March the old gentleman called on his nephew.

"Well, Alfred, hard at work, I see. Made good progress with your code? Pretty well through it by this time, I expect?"

"Yes, respected sir, my life has been one continual grind. Your venerable friend's marginal notes I found of great service while laboring at the code."

"Good boy—excellent young man! You got my draft of course. It is a pleasure to me to reflect that my bounty was not ill-bestowed."

"Your draft, uncle? No; I never received it."

"Show me that code."

The old man opened the book and showed his stupefied nephew a draft for two thousand francs, dated five months before, which had all the time been reposing between the first two leaves of the code!

Surprised.
Hearing a story gravely told about a clam that crawled up a wall, one might reasonably expect that the man who told it had been putting something into his mouth to the damage of his brains; but the following from a Fall River correspondent carries its explanation with it. It seems that a gentleman in Providence, happened to be called into his cellar late one night.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, the rain poured down in torrents, and the night was one to cause a feeling of "uncertainty" in the heart of the bravest.

The gentleman in question never indulges in intoxicating liquors, and there is no reason to suppose that his nerves were unusually disturbed. He is very fond of clams, however, and had a peck of the shell-fish in the cellar, which were to be cooked the next day.

As he descended the stairs, shading the lamp with his hand to shield it from the draught, he saw the bucket of clams at the foot of the stairs. Then he was amazed to see what appeared to be a small white clam move gradually from the bucket, make its way quickly across the cellar floor, and mount the wall at the further side of the cellar to a distance of three feet from the floor.

Never having seen a clam walk before, the gentleman was seriously disturbed. He placed the lamp in a convenient position, took up a piece of barrel-hoop as a means of offence, and moved quickly and softly across the cellar floor.

The white object proved to be indeed a clam, but it had used other means of locomotion than its own. An indiscreet mouse had walked over the bucket and this ambitious clam had fastened its nippers on the mouse's tail. The mouse, frightened, had started for his hole in the wall, but failed to get into it on account of the shell-fish attachment to his tail. Of course the gentleman relieved the mouse of his encumbrance—and was probably somewhat relieved himself.

The Morality Bard.
"I want to get a position for my wife on your paper if I could," said a meek man with a slight tinge of reproach, as he came into the *Boomerang* office yesterday and sat down on the desk with his coat-tails in the cold, calm depths of the paste pot.

"She is really one of the literati, although people who have known her only by her washin' and ironin' don't suspect it. I, however, know her great mental scope. I've been married to her twenty-one years next frost, and I've been through more or less in contact with her. My soul and hers have commingled together time and again, and we have discussed questions of considerable depth of and on."

"She writes a good legible hand and is quick in figures. Whether you want some one to make out bills for pay locals, or write a eulogy on a paid-up subscriber, she's your huckleberry. She is a perfect lady, and you might have her on your corps for years and the forked tongue of scandal would never touch you. She's plain, of course, in feature, and has an impediment in one limb, it being shorter than the other by four inches. This gives her an eccentric movement when she walks, like a self-rake reaper; but Lord, you'd never notice that after you come to know and love her."

"She can trill a stanza of poetry occasionally, too, if you give her time to think of a few hard words. She has wrote some as fine things as I have ever saw in the English language. She is better, however, on death than anything else. She loves to turn loose and mourn in easy rhyme at so much per stanza and found."

"She wrote a short poem on the death of a young man in our neighborhood, who was drowned while in a swimming in the Stinking Water Creek. It runs something like this:

"O, treacherous, treacherous tide,
Young William for to drown—
To madden yank him off his base
And whiff him round and round."

"We found him in the twilight hour,
Freed from his earthly woes:
His calm face upward turning,
And aken up his nose."

"His person was sunk in the shifting sand,
His mouth was open wide,
The Pollywogs nestled in his ears,
Beneath the fragrant tide."

"His open-back shirt lay on the shore,
And the balance of his trousseau,
While his soul went soaring up the flame,
Out through the other blue."

"'Twas down around the coyote Point
We found him when evening fell,
And we planted him under the cactus vines,
In the shaft of the Mountain Bell."

"Goodbye, William, far away
On the edge of a large damp cloud,
Though you're among the angel gans,
You needn't feel so downy proud."

"I will also leave with you a few sonnets which are the work of her pen. You can look them over and let me know in a day or two what salary you

feel like paying a woman of her strength of intellect and grip of genius. Till then adieu. I will call again Friday and complete the trade." Without another word he was gone, and he has not been seen since. Later on, however, when we want to double up the subscription of the paper, we will publish another one of these poems. With our present facilities we do not dare to do it.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Late Tests With Improved Gatlings.

Thorough test trials have been in progress at Sandy Hook with Dr. Gatling improved guns, before the United States Ordnance Board, for the past two weeks. These trials, which have been eminently successful, may be prolonged for another week. Dr. Gatling was present during the first ten days. The new feed allows the musket-caliber Gatling to be fired at any degree of elevation. The penetration at 3,000 yards was through one and a half inches of timber, and at 2,500 yards (giving the gun 56 degrees elevation), the bullets struck the targets (which were composed of boards lying flat on the ground) passing through two one-inch boards penetrating the sand four inches. At 2,000 yards—664 elevation—the bullets passed through two one-inch boards and five or six inches in the sand. In every case the bullets struck the targets point on and retained their rotary motion. This was proved by the spiral scratches on the balls after they had passed through the boards. The gun is now being tried at shorter ranges.

These experiments have established the fact that a Gatling gun fired at various elevations can kill men in entrenched positions at all ranges from 100 to 3,500 yards. The elevation required for different distances is determined by a quadrant and noted. As the gun remains quite steady while being fired, the bullets can be made to drop at the point desired. The value of such a weapon of warfare is unquestioned. Dr. Gatling's new torpedo, one-barreled gun was also fired and worked well, making excellent targets at one mile range.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Toronto Has a Sea-Serpent.
The morning was cool, and perhaps this was the reason why some of the workmen engaged at the targets on the Garrison ranges say the serpent they saw was not more than fifty feet long and the size of a man's body. The story, as told by one of them, is in substance as follows: Between 8 and 9 o'clock, while placing the targets in position on No. 1 range, a boy rushed up saying that there was a queer thing floating near the shore. Some of the men were curious enough to leave their work and hasten down to the shore.

There, sure enough, was a large bluish-gray mass floating lazily near the shore. It had every appearance of being asleep, as its body yielded to every ripple. Part was submerged, but the upper portion of the head floated just above the water. That part which was visible was covered with short, stiff bristles in front, which increased in length toward the sides, and extended for a distance of about ten feet on each side. The back, or at least that portion of it which appeared above the water, was lighter colored than the head. A good view was had of the monster for upward of three minutes, when, suddenly raising its head out of the water, it gave a swish with its tail and started directly south, in the direction of one of the steamers. Its head, as it raised it above the water, was very much like that of an eel, with the exception of the long, trailing hair or whiskers. Its eyes were small, and as it dashed off one of the men said he thought he heard it give a short, sharp bark. A line of foam marked its progress out into the lake for about half a mile, when, turning sharp around, it dashed toward the Exhibition wharf, and again out into the lake, where they soon lost sight of it. The men did not appear at all anxious to speak of the matter, as they feared their veracity would be questioned. As it is, their story is given for what it is worth, but surely the word of three men who saw it is worth that of thirty who did not see it.—*Toronto Mail.*

A Dog's Understanding.

A celebrated picture shows a little boy crawling on the floor and inquiring of a pet dog, "Can't you talk?" The dog looks as if he is not sure about it, and seems to say, "Perhaps I can; I'll try." There is no doubt that dogs understand many words, and we give the following anecdote from Hartford, Ct., in which a dog named Major showed unusual sagacity:

Major's hatred of a cat appears to be deep-seated, and he will kill all that come in his way. His master's wife had a cat which she determined Major should not harm, and she took great pains to impress the big brute with this idea.

The dog seemed to understand every word she said, but would keep his eyes fastened upon puss with a longing and hungry look, as if it were a great self-denial for him to obey.

But his mistress conquered and made him understand that he must live on friendly terms with puss. More than once he had been seen watching the cat with a look of evil intent, but, out of respect to his mistress, he conquered his nature, and would thrust himself upon the ground with a sigh expressive of deep disgust at the situation.

One morning, the lady told her husband that the cat had become so troublesome that she guessed it would have to be killed. A few minutes later, a rush and a struggling noise was heard, and as the lady of the house hastened to the door to see what had happened, Major walked up to his mistress and laid at her feet the dead body of puss, then looked up with an air of triumph, and wagged his tail with intense satisfaction.

He had heard his mistress express the wish that puss might be killed, and this was so in consonance with his own feelings that he went right out and finished the cat.

Even Montana must have its sensation. An old Chinaman found dead at Park City is said to have been rich once in China, and to have been engaged in a conspiracy which resulted in his death sentence and the confiscation of his property. He escaped from prison, emigrated to America, and was a marked man even here, suffering many persecutions from the Six Companies.

Keeping off Intruders.
Prince Bismarck has hit upon a most effectual plan for keeping inquisitive intruders away from Vauxin. He has issued a peremptory mandate forbidding all the inhabitants of the village and neighboring country to entertain any strangers whatever. So strictly enforced is this order that a newspaper correspondent recently was compelled to tramp to a town several miles away at midnight for the shelter that was refused him by the Chancellor's tenantry at Vauxin.

Johnny's Critique on the Kangaroo.

"The kangaroo ain't much of a recommend for the factory which made him, or maybe he knu in himself the original diagram was in the safe, and rakin up such organs as wuz left over he made his ownself. He looks in the face like a shaller goose, and wen you see him walkin on his narrative you dont blame nachur for givin him that expression. His legs mus been made in different moles, cause the last ones iz long as a torchlight perchesin, but the frunt ones has got too much shortnin in. Sum kangrews has thare cloze made so they kin carry thare families round in thare overskurts, but if i wuz a boy kangrew ide rather paddle me one kanow. Kangrews wares mustaches like cats, but a jackass kin give 'em a yard start on the ear question an' beet em like sickstys. Ef i had ter be a kangrew ide hav mi tale sawd off close an' mend mi arms with it so i could reach the bottom of thare perserves."

Californian Longevity.

The number of men who died in California in what may be called the prime of their years occasionally arrests attention. The proposition of these sudden deaths appears to be large. They occur not among men born on the soil, but among those who have been transplanted, and have been subjected to the varying condition of poverty and affluence. It is not climate that kills them, since the climate is favorable to longevity. Native Californians live to an extreme old age. The centenarians are numerous. But these men have lived out of doors nearly all their lives. They have lived on simple food; have been on horseback a great deal. Indeed, the native Californian never rides if he can get a mustang to carry him. He lives out of doors, never dies of apoplexy or heart disease, but generally of old age. The majority of those who emigrate do not seem to reach extreme old age. The pioneers drop off early. They have had checkered lives for the most part. Ups and downs kill a great many people. The excitement is not good for them. It is neither good on the score of longevity to meet with sudden losses nor to make fortunes rapidly. The exceptions are those where great equanimity of temper has been preserved. Quakers generally have great longevity. They not only are temperate, but they are not subject to great excitements. The serene life is the one most favorable to longevity.

Patented Articles.

The most valuable and money-making patents are those which are obtained upon small articles. The "return ball," which sells for ten cents, yields to the holder of the patent an income equal to that on a capital of five hundred thousand dollars. The rubber tip on the end of lead pencils, which is used for erasing false marks, is also secured by patent, and for every tip used the manufacturer pays a royalty to the inventor, which gives him an independent income. The consumption of these pencils is very great, and the simple idea of tipping them with rubber has placed the man who originated it beyond the reach of need in the future, so long as he clings to his patent. Another very simple but very valuable invention is the gummed paper wrappers, which obviate the necessity of using mucilage or paste to secure papers for the mails. The patent is on the application of the gum to the wrappers, and a royalty is paid to the inventor of every wrapper thus prepared. As the number of wrappers used daily in the forwarding of mails amounts to hundreds of thousands, the income derived by the inventor from his royalty will be seen to be a magnificent one. The gimlet-pointed screw was patented in 1846. It is familiar to everybody, and millions have been realized from its manufacture, yet so simple is the principle that the wonder is that it was not thought out and applied almost as far back as the age of iron. The patent shoe-tip, now universally used in boys' shoes, has brought its inventor somewhere about two millions of dollars. Probably the most valuable patent in the toy line ever taken out in any country is that which secures the Plympton roller-skates to its holder. Skating on rollers bears but a faint resemblance to skating on ice, but it is an exhilarating sport, nevertheless, and sprang at once into popularity with the young of both sexes. In Brazil and tropical countries where ice is unknown and skating impossible, except upon artificially frozen ponds, the rollers were greeted as a veritable godsend, and rinks with smooth earthen floors sprang up like magic. The value of the patent on the roller skates to its holder is estimated at over one million dollars, and he expended over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in legal expenses alone to prevent the patent from infringing in England. The dancing negro, which can be seen in any toy-shop, and which is simply a figure of a Dinah or a Jumbo balanced by a wire, which is moved rapidly up and down by a system of clock work in the box upon which it dances, provides an income for its inventor of thirty thousand dollars a year. The common needle-threader, to be found on sale at nearly every street corner, is worth ten thousand dollars a year to the man who thought out the problem which might easily have been solved by a boy of ten years, only it was not. And these are but a few of the trifles which have enriched men.

The hawks are of immense size, some that have been killed measuring six feet from tip to tip. Wild turkeys weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and large numbers are sent from the Blue Mountain region to New York and Philadelphia markets. Sportmen from the cities visit the region every season, and spend weeks at the cabins of the local hunters who serve as guides to the hunting-grounds.

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